

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

WE ARE AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST... BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD.

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Original.

BRIEF THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS TOPICS.

BY REV. E. WINCHESTER REYNOLDS.

NUMBER TWO.

ERRORS IN REFERENCE TO GOD AND HIS GOVERNMENT.

* * * Now God's nature is written on the broad frontlet of the universe; it is revealed in the minute organism of our wondrous being, in the action of our complicated faculties, and in those bounteous supplies that feed the hungry, and quench the flames of want.

It is made known in Revelation, by the thousand voices of Prophecy and Inspiration.

It is heralded in the events of Providence, and shines like a flame of Heaven before the Arm of the Father.

Here we are to gain instruction in reference to God's character and government. This is the legitimate course to which our researches should tend. Not in the heart of man, distorted by a thousand passions; wrung by sad and awful conflicts with evil, wrong, and death: tortured by mystery and bound by fear—not here should we expect to see the character of God mirrored. But on the face of his outward creation, untarnished by the influences of sin; in that Revelation that recognizes a brighter spirit in man than he has yet manifested; in those providences that breathe goodness, though they may be shrouded in gloom; here is God's divine soul revealed, and here it must be seen, if seen at all.

And he who does not see the real nature of his Maker, certainly slights and tramples on the eloquent testimonies of the Universe, and stills the pulse of thought in his sluggish mind. When all God's revealments speak of mercy, pardon, and unchangeableness, it is a serious presumption for any mortal being to charge him with principles from which poor humanity revolts.

We controvert often the partialistic view of God's character, because, as we have said, this error lies at the basis of all others. And we shall continue to refer to it, constantly adducing our "strong reasons," constantly warring with the old error, until all men "understand and know God, that he is he Lord which exercises loving kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth."

It is not commonly supposed that God's government is perfect in the earth. The tendency of the old church theology is, to make men believe that his government is very imperfect, scarcely perceptible, indeed, in the present state; and that his principal dominion is exercised beyond the bounds of Time, and within the eventful lim-

its of Eternity. But you will readily see that the knowledge of the Lord enjoined in the text, embraces the idea that he exercises *loving kindness, judgment and righteousness, IN THE EARTH.* Now these qualities constitute a perfect government, wherever they may be exercised; and, therefore, the doctrine of the text is that God maintains as perfect a government in this world as in the world to come.

This is rational doctrine, and the influence of it must be good. God *does* rule in this world. You may see the glitter of his sceptre over every age and nation. You may see his authority in the events of history, that make up the wondrous sum of the world's achievements. More than all, you may see it in the individual heart, that throbs for good or wails in evil; in those perfect laws which are woven over the soul, like threads of fire and steel! Yes! God rules in this world, and "let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth God, that He is the Lord who exercises loving kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth."

"His glory walks through every sphere,
But all things whisper, 'God is here.'"

Original.

SILENT ELOQUENCE.

BY REV. E. CASE, JR.

In the October number of the Quarterly for 1848, there is a very felicitous article from the pen of a namesake of mine. God bless her! I wish I could get acquainted with her. I suppose she came from the good old Connecticut stock of Cases, who, as the common saying is, were '*some*.' The article is headed as above, 'Silent Eloquence.' That the general principles of that article, in the main, are correct, we think no one possessing any poetry of soul will doubt; though the eloquence of the authoress herself, in the language and sentiments uttered in describing her subject, are the best arguments against some of her positions and sentiments, if one were disposed to controvert. But whatever may be the silent eloquence of the voiceless marble, and however true the beautiful sentiment

"Tully was not so eloquent as thou,
Thou nameless column with the buried base,"

Yet we *do* think there is a silent eloquence that surpasses that of the "nameless column," and one far more irresistible in its effects. Let us suppose a case. A man is a minister of the Gospel. Faithfully and constantly has he labored, expecting, at the end of his quarter, "the visible" that is to make his heart glad, and soften and relax the elongated visage of some unwilling creditor, of whom it *cannot* be said,

"Thou hast no speculation in those eyes."

But alas! when the long expected day arrives, not a cent of the *quarterage* is collected. He dislikes to make "a stir" about it, and flatters himself, if his society be rather weak and feeble, that by close pinching towards

himself, and a word of promise to his creditor in a sort of don't-be-afraid—I-will-pay-you-of-course-ish air, with which he would impress him that he is beyond suspicion. I say, he flatters himself that he can get along pretty well till the half-year comes around, and that then his quarterage will double and amount to *halferage*, and then he will smooth all things over, make narrow ways broad and crooked ways straight. But alas! again. How delusive are the pleasures of hope. When *halferage* time comes, it is no better. Like the hand upon Phinney and Burchard's clock which they used to set up in one corner of purgatory, by which to represent the hopeless despair of sinners, which hand did not stir for ages, no hand has stirred to collect the *visible*. By this time he begins to feel a mighty power of contraction within himself, particularly when obliged to meet 'a dun,' or go by the shop window of friend 'Snips' or 'Crispin.' It is at this particular period that the species of eloquence of which I am speaking, begins to make its appeals. It is the eloquence of the belly and of the back. Excuse and forgive me, gentle reader! I know I should use more poetical language when speaking of eloquence, but I am compelled to be somewhat bold, for boldness is a special quality of eloquence. There is a 'silent eloquence' about the belly and the back at such a time, that far overmatches Tully, or the "nameless column with the buried base," yea, with half a dozen, at least, of the best orthodox revival sermons in the bargain. Talk about silent eloquence!—talk about moving eloquence. If there is not something silent and moving about these, then I misunderstand the terms. And for proof positive of my position, I ask the question, What makes so many of our preachers *move* about from place to place, *silent*, for the most part, as to the *real* cause. Is it not the silent eloquence of the belly and the back? There is a 'silent eloquence' about these, most irresistibly persuasive and moving, that if it do not make us cry as did the Athenians under the voice of Demosthenes, "War! war! to the knife!" at least make us long to cry out, "to the knife," or else one of the afore-mentioned silent monitors will go empty. Sunday will shine no Sabbath day for us, and we can only meet our creditors and stare at them, or else "grin horribly a ghastly smile," that will make them raise their backs, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." Many a preacher, as well as author, like poor Goldsmith, has had to barricade himself against bailiffs and constables, and however eloquent and persuasive he may be in the pulpit, the silent eloquence of staring in want out of an attic window, while constables and bailiffs are belaboring the door for admission below, is rather more pungent and potent than all the 'nameless columns' of antiquity. The authoress of the article referred to has truly observed, "The eloquence of language and tone is one thing; the power to touch and impress the mind is another. * * The intellect putting forth its energies to work upon the passions, does not exhibit true eloquence." No, true enough, it does not; and the power of touching and impressing the mind is just that kind of silent eloquence that some preachers most sensibly feel. But the authoress asks triumphantly, "Where is not this eloquence, this silent oratory? The ocean thunders its awful monologue to every nation, of every clime. The mountains, communing with the skies, translate their sayings to man. The cataract rushes onward like a restless Titan to battle. The stars roll along in their appointed way, while the world, tossing and seething and whirling in the vortex of unruled passion, looks up and listens to their words of unbroken calm. The smallest flower, that trembles with the weight of the dew-drop, the oak tortured into strength by fierce conflicts with the elements, the lake unruffled as a heart in the hour of prayer, the little brooklet, speeding like a

departing soul away into the unknown, all nature, all objects of art and science—these have a language of their own that overawes and impresses the spirit." This and more of the same exquisite sentimentality and truth may be found in L. J. B. C.'s article. But that my principles of Silent Eloquence, are superior and more overpowering than anything she has mentioned, will be easily seen by remembering the fact, that while the *quarterage* or *halferage*, and sometimes the *wholera* is kept back, and the bailiff begins to make himself 'rather fresh' and 'familiar' with your *real* and *personal* estate, there is an eloquence that supersedes the above entirely. Upon these grounds, and upon the merits of the facts themselves, however fine as an effusion of genius my namesake's article may be, I think it may not be questioned, but the silent eloquence that speaks to the soul of quarterage and halferage kept back, and of the grim-visaged bailiff, that you find it impossible to soothe or smooth their wrinkled front,—the silent eloquence of the belly and the back throws the 'nameless column with the buried base,' the earth, the ocean, the sky, the stars, the mountains, and all that kind of thing entirely in the shade. The difference is about the same as between fancy and reality.

Geneva, N. Y., March, 1849.

Original.

FIVE YEAR'S RESIDENCE IN NEW LONDON, CONN.

NUMBER X.

BY REV. T. J. GREENWOOD.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Having in my former communications acquitted myself of, in many respects, the most disagreeable portion of the task I have assigned to myself in this series of letters, I now turn to other topics. In the first letter of the series I intimated that an organization of Universalists had existed in New London previous to that which was existing when I removed to that city. The date of the first organization I cannot now determine, nor am I enabled to state with certainty the causes of its disbanding. This only is clear to me, that like the society at present existing, the old society numbered with its members some of the best and worthiest citizens of the place; and after having procured the preaching of the word for some time, and the residence there of Br. Asher Moore, recently of Philadelphia, they went so far as to take measures to erect a Church, and, by Committee, purchased a lot of land for that purpose. I have been informed that dissatisfaction with the lot and its location, and disagreements which grew out of it, was the prime cause of failure. Be that as it may, the lot was finally sold at auction, the idea of building abandoned, and the society was subsequently scattered. At length Elder Swan removed to the place. His revival measures were put in operation, and so wildly extravagant was the course pursued, that the little number of Universalists in the place were aroused to a sense of duty, and they determined to breast the tide of demoralizing fanaticism that rolled in upon the community; and they organized and commenced the erection of a church, which, as I have already said, was dedicated to the universal Father, on the 20th March, 1844. The latter Society was never large in numbers nor strong in wealth; yet it is a statement that fears no contradiction, that among them are some of the best and worthiest men of the city, whose characters win for them the respect of all classes; and some of them have shown a liberality in support of the cause in which they are engaged, which has not only evinced their sincerity, but has given them the just reputation of its worthiest friends. But some, it is to be regretted, among the ablest in pecuniary means

and influence of any in the city, who were active and influential members in the first society, have never associated with that now existing, nor rendered it support, though their belief remains unchanged.

When the present church was erected there was considerable doubt in the minds of the Society, whether they should erect a cheap building for merely temporary use, or such an one as should at once give earnest of their determination to establish the cause permanently. Both sides had their strong reasons. In favor of the former course was the fact that the Society in the beginning must necessarily be small, and its pecuniary resources comparatively feeble. And on the other side was the supposition that if a small, cheap building was erected, the public would be likely to take it as a gauge of the society's hopes and prospects, and some might receive it as an indication of their lack of hope of final success, and hold back from associating with them. The result was, finally, that they erected one of the most beautiful and symmetrical churches in New England; such an one as could not, probably, at the present time, be erected at an expense of less than fourteen or fifteen thousand dollars. Besides the money raised for its erection, very much was given in the shape of work and material, and everything was economized in the strictest possible manner; but when all was done, the society found itself some six thousand dollars in debt.

This, it is true, in some places, and under favorable circumstances, would have been regarded as a small concern. And, resolute in determination and in hope, the society determined calmly to press on, and abide the result. Among the inauspicious circumstances of the place was the fact that the principal, and almost entire business of the city—the whaling enterprise—even in its best aspect, would keep many from their homes, for a length of from two to three years at a time; and added to this, both the business and its profits, soon after the erection of the Church, began to decline; and affairs, for a time, looked dubious in regard to the prosperity of the place. A short time of very great success in the few years previous, had stimulated many to hope that it would continue; and, in addition to the great amount of capital invested in some seventy or eighty whale-ships of the largest class—many of which were withdrawn after a single voyage—a large number of the inhabitants, some with inadequate means, commenced the erection of dwellings for their families, and several new and expensive stores; so that within the last five years, probably, nearly one-third of the whole number of buildings were erected which now comprise the city. Then came the conviction that something must be found as a substitute for the whaling business, or at least to be co-ordinate with it, or the place must decline. All saw that connection with the interior and the west by railroad would open communication with the unrivalled harbor of New London, and bring into avail its admirable facilities for manufacturing and commercial business, which, from its isolated position, it had not enjoyed; and the project was started for a railroad directly across the state, to connect with the great western railroad at Palmer or Springfield. Each one felt that if this could be carried into execution, New London must rise in importance and strength, to a place of no mean magnitude. But the outlay must be enormous; nearly one million of dollars; with no place so interested as was New London. How could the money be raised? All felt the necessity, and that necessity gave spur to energy. A committee was chosen, a route surveyed and found highly favorable, promising, from ample statistics, one of the most profitable investments in New England. A charter was obtained,—nearly half a million of dollars were subscribed in New London alone,—and the road put under contract, all within a few months from the first move-

ment. And the most cautious who have examined, have never for a moment doubted a successful result. All were in the work with but very few exceptions. The wealthy poured out of their abundance in large subscriptions; and the poor, each brought his mite. Everything, in short, betokened an earnestness that was the guaranty of success. A very few only, and among them some of the wealthiest in the place, withheld their means; while all the rest were struggling to save the city from prostration. This they did on the public-spirited plea that there was too much risk; and besides, if they waited they could make better investments by buying stock at a reduced price! Nevertheless the work is commenced, and the coming summer will doubtless witness the opening of the road.

But these things drew hard upon the pecuniary resources of the place, and particularly so on the members of the Universalist Society, who—none of them wealthy—had so recently drawn upon their means for the erection of a house of worship; and were now, again, called upon by a sense of duty which they could not resist, to aid, to the utmost of their power, in a work that promised so much of public good. Thus circumstanced, and with a large debt upon their church, and, for the time, no prospect of immediate relief, the Society still held on its way, and met its obligations with an unflinching will; with the satisfaction, at least, of knowing that the cause of the religion they loved, once unpopular, was gradually winning the respect and good feeling of the community. But there were other circumstances affecting its interests, which must be reserved for another communication.

Dover, N. H., March 10, 1849.

Original.

PARTIALISM PUT IN PRACTICE.—NO. 2.

BY O. P. H. KINNEY.

The most perfect human governments, are those which most resemble Divine government. The law of the Lord is perfect, therefore there is no danger in man's imitating it. And when we are required to be perfect as He is perfect, and to be imitators of Him as dear children, we can see no impropriety in applying the injunction to the laws which govern us as members of society.

In the further examination of the "laws of the land," we see that our legislators have very generally made provisions for the reformation of the offender. Every improvement that has been made in our criminal code for years past, seems to have been made with especial reference to the reformation of the criminal. Physical punishments have gradually given way, and punishments of a moral and reformatory character have taken their place. The whipping-post has completely rotted down—the cat-o-nine-tails is nearly worn up—the tread-wheel no longer revolves by the weight and motive power of crime—the infamous rack is *racked* forever, and the sickly and putrid dungeons have been ventilated and lighted up. In short, Yankee ingenuity has been turned to clock making, instead of inventing instruments of torture and destruction. We now see our prisons constructed with a view to the health, and the moral and intellectual improvement of the guilty. Instead of culprits being huddled together by scores in small and poorly ventilated apartments, where physical and moral diseases are generated, where their evil passions and propensities are continually being excited, and where new plots of iniquity are planned and prospectively put in execution, they are now kept separate and apart from each other, and from all iniquitous persons. They hold communication with no one from whom they can receive any improper influ-

ence. All outward temptations and incentives to crime are wholly withdrawn. Their labor is of such a character as will exercise and strengthen their intellectual faculties, and be useful to them should they ever return to the walks of society. They receive good moral instruction and discipline, the lack of which perhaps, has led to the crimes for which they were imprisoned. In many, very many instances, they come out from thence not only intellectually and morally improved, but positively reformed.

According to Partialism this is decidedly out of character. The reformation of the sinner is no object with God—it forms no part of his government. His punishments are not only inflicted where reformation is *entirely precluded*, but they are of such a character as to endlessly increase the sin and blasphemy of the punished. His culprits are all thrown into "the pit" together, with infernal fiends for companions, where they excite and torment each other, and forever wax worse and worse. The infinite wisdom of *their* God seems employed in schemes of torture and revenge, instead of moral discipline and reformation. Our partialist brethren, therefore, to act consistently, ought to set themselves at work to bring back the laws and institutions of Nero and Caligula. The rack, the pit, and the pendulum should be established in every country. Every State Prison should be converted into a great arena, where criminals of all grades and characters could riot in all manner of iniquity. In short, the most bloody laws that ever disgraced the footstool of the Most High should be collected, digested and distilled, and their bitter essence used for the government of man. After which, our partialist neighbors should improve upon them from time to time, according to the talent that has been given. Still, even then, I fear they would come infinitely short of the glory of *their* God.

Original.

LETTER FROM BR. TUTTLE.

BR. BULKELEY:—I had, for a long time, believed that our Society in Auburn is one of the best and most flourishing Societies in the State; this belief has been more than confirmed in a recent visit made there for the purpose of soliciting funds for the Clinton Liberal Institute. Notwithstanding they had so lately built a large and elegant church, for which they were heavily taxed, their anxiety to sustain the Institute and encourage the cause of education in our denomination, was such as causes every lover of our faith to rejoice. They not only expressed a deep desire to see the school permanently established, but, what is better, they demonstrated their sincerity by subscribing the very handsome sum of \$500. One Brother, who gave \$100 two years since, for the purpose of liquidating the Institute debt, and who has given over \$3000 toward their new Church, subscribed another \$100 on the permanent fund. I wish we had a few more such men, and we would soon be relieved of the shame of having done so little for education. But, while we are thankful for such a liberal donation, we are not unmindful that many others, and perhaps all in the Society, did what they could. Ten dollars were subscribed by the publishers of the discussion between Austin and Holmes, although neither of the gentlemen is a believer in our faith. Br. Austin labors faithfully here, and our prayer is, that he and his people may be greatly blessed by Him in whose name they so willingly perform their duty.

On Sunday, the 25th, we visited the Society in Fulton, Oswego Co. Fulton is a pleasant and rapidly increasing village, of about twenty-five hundred inhabitants, situate on the Oswego river and canal, twenty-five miles below

Syracuse, and twelve miles above Oswego. The railroad, which has lately been constructed between these two cities, instead of running through the village, where it undoubtedly ought to have gone, passes within half a mile; a plank road, however, is being built, which, together with the other facilities will make the place easy of access, and render it capable of offering to those seeking a new location the most flattering inducements. Our society here have lately repaired and re-dedicated their church, and all of its members manifest the deepest anxiety in behalf of our blessed cause. To listen to the preached word and labor in the Master's vineyard are, apparently, their greatest pleasure. May God smile upon all their efforts and make them honorably and eminently successful. They have subscribed for the Institute, over \$700.

J. H. T.

Original.

THE BETTER RULE.

Dr. A. Barnes in his notes on the fifteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians, finding it extremely difficult to reconcile the apostle's argument, with his belief in Partialism, remarks in substance as follows—I quote from memory, and may not get his precise language,—“It must be laid down and adopted as a fixed principle, that no passage of Scripture should be so explained as to teach the unconditional salvation of all men.” But I would observe, with due deference to the learned doctor's opinion, however, that no passage of Scripture should be so explained as to contradict that glorious truth, which underlies all our hopes; which is the main pillar in the temple of Christ; which is the sinners' last and only hope—“God is love.” His word cannot support doctrines opposed to his own divine nature. He is love, and will bring all things to a happy termination. He will finish sin and make an end of transgression. All shall know him from the least even unto the greatest, and their sins and iniquities he will remember no more.

It should be laid down and adopted as a fixed principle, that no passage of Scripture should be so explained as to teach the horrid doctrine of endless wo, for that is diametrically and forever opposed to the nature of God, and his word cannot reveal doctrines at war with his divine nature and perfections. This is the better rule.

F. M. A.

Carroll, N. Y., March, 1849.

Selected.

OUR MINISTER'S SALARY.

A DIALOGUE. (OVERHEARD.)

A. Good morning, Mr. B., I have just been paying the Parson for my share of the last year's preaching. I took him five loads of wood at three dollars a load, and I am glad that fifteen dollars will last till next Christmas.

B. Good morning to you, Sir. I am glad to see you doing something for our Pastor. And, by the way, a word more on the subject. Do you know that our church tax does not meet the wants of the minister and the expenses of the church? We are far behindhand to him. His last year's salary is not all paid, and a payment for the current year will be due in a few weeks. What shall we do?

A. Do? Why, let every body pay up as I do!

B. Yes, my dear Sir, but it is found that when all is collected that can be, there is still a deficiency to be provided for. Who shall pay that?

A. I have nothing to do with that as long as I pay my own tax.

B. Who then has to do with it? Can our Minister afford to lose so much of his salary? Or can he be

honest, benevolent, and hospitable, all of which we expect him to be, without more promptness on our part than we have shown of late? How shall he provide for all the wants of his large family, and educate his children, while we withhold the support which we promised to give him? Can he afford to be the creditor of the church to such an amount, or ought you, and I, and Mr. N., and such as have the property, to lie out of the money?

A. It is a shame, upon my word. I'm glad I am not a minister. He ought to have his salary on the very day it falls due, for I am sure he loses a good deal by buying so much on credit. One dollar in cash is worth ten shillings in tick.

B. Well, neighbor A., will you be one of eight to make up this deficiency?

A. No. I have paid my tax; and I don't mean to know much about other people's dues. The fact is, I never ask about the salary, because I always expect to be dunned for a subscription. It's a tough case to be sure, but I can't help it.

B. Well, good day; I hope yet to find a few who feel some twinges of this public conscience, and who will take hold before our minister leaves us in disgust. Our parsimony will surely prove our leanness.

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER—NO. XXXVII.

BRUSSELS, Oct. 4, 1848.

Having visited all the places of the most interest and fully satisfied ourselves with sight-seeing; made a few purchases, and secured our passages, from Southampton home, in the steamer United States; we left Paris at 7, A. M., Oct. 3d, for Brussels. The Railroad passes through a very pretty and well cultivated country, and some small, comfortable looking towns and one or two large ones, such as Amiens, Douai, Valenciennes and Mons, and hosts of smaller manufacturing towns. We counted at one time over forty tall chimnies of steam factories scattered along at a little distance from the line of the road. The appearance was much like some districts in England, and several towns in our own country. Dark columns of smoke curled up, blackening the atmosphere, indicating that hands and heads were busy below. The face of the country is generally level or gently undulating. In some places the soil is light and rather sandy, in others, marshy; but all the way well cultivated with the exception of now and then a barren spot, grown up with dwarf oaks and firs. The people, generally, appear to be industrious and tolerably comfortable.

We reached Brussels at 7, P. M., the capital of Belgium, and after a ride about town in an omnibus, found ourselves in comfortable quarters at the "Hotel de l'Europe," in the upper town, near the Park and Royal Palace. We occupied two hours in looking about the town. The next morning we started early, and visited the cathedral of St. Gudule, to look at its curiosities,—its beautiful stained glass, the statues of the Apostles, its curiously carved pulpit, representing the expulsion of Adam and Eve, the monuments of the Dukes of Brabant, and some commonplace pictures. In the centre of the church is a small Mother, standing upon the altar, decked out in a fanciful dress, with the Child in her arms, before which several were kneeling and repeating their Ave Marias. Among others, I noticed some women come in, with clogs on their feet, and two large milk cans which they sat down, and kneeled, muttered over a few words, crossed themselves, curtsied and went away. Some men came in and laid down their baskets or tools and went through

the regular service, and hastened away. In another place is an image of some saint finely dressed, probably St. Gudule, before which several priests and others were kneeling, calling upon the saint to pray for them. In different places about the church we saw printed notices pasted up, saying that "every Thursday the relics of the Saint would be presented for worship; that persons afflicted with eruptions, tumors, and ulcers, could present themselves in the Sacristy every day of the year, and some one would recite over them the usual prayers, and distribute on them the blessed oil." In one of the chapels are preserved the "miraculous Wafers," which, it is said, were once stolen by a wicked Jew from the altar, and carried to his brethren, who mocked them and stuck their daggers into them, when suddenly a stream of blood gushed from the wound. This miracle roused the multitude, who demanded the perpetrators of the sacrilege, and put them to a cruel death and commenced the persecution which took place in the 14th century, when the property of the outcasts of Israel was confiscated, by which many of the Christian Gentiles were enriched. The annual commemoration of this miracle is still celebrated in June annually, by large processions, in which the identical wafers are paraded about the streets by priests and friars, and greatly revered by the enlightened citizens (?) of Brussels, in this nineteenth century!!

The Park, situated in the highest part of the city, is handsomely ornamented with walks, shade trees, and a few statues. The public buildings about it look neat, but not exceedingly elegant. The King's Palace is an ordinary building of few attractions. The Palace of the Prince of Orange is handsomer, and contains some very good paintings, a few by the most eminent artists. But of paintings we have had our fill, so these had few attractions for us. There are some other buildings that look well, but none deserving of especial notice. The town itself appears fresh and thrifty, bearing less the marks of age and decline than most cities in this part of the continent. The upper town crowns the hill, and is open and airy. The lower town is more compact and less neat, but still making a fair show of wealth and activity.

One of the objects of our visit to Belgium was to go to the field of Waterloo, which every body seemed to guess, as we judged from the fact that we were constantly beset by guides and hackmen, who offered their services to take us there. We at length ventured to answer the inquiries of one by consulting with him about a stable where we could be well served with a conveyance. He pointed one out and then demanded "quelque chose" for his politeness. We arranged for a gig and started forthwith for the field of battle. But our fight was mainly with guides and relic-venders, who waylaid us for miles, attacking us savagely long ere we reached the place of "daring deeds." We succeeded, by the fleetness of our courser, in escaping their grasp, notwithstanding an old poet says a "horse is a vain thing for safety." On approaching the field we found it impossible to escape farther, and so took, as the least objectionable of all, an intelligent looking lad who had run half a mile to keep up with us. We ordered him to take our horse to the Inn, and come and guide us over the field. Our reason for doing it was his possession of a knowledge of our language. But it proved he did not know it well enough to understand our directions, further than to go to the Inn and stay there till we had been all over the field by help of our map and book, which we had purchased at Brussels.

This is just such a place as a prudent General would choose for a fight. As I went over it and noticed carefully the positions of the armies, the advantages of Wellington, the disadvantages of Bonaparte, my opinion of the generalship of those two men, and the heroism of the

soldiers, underwent a great change. The talent of Wellington was seen in two things: first, in the choice of a most favorable position, placing his army behind a gentle elevation which ascended gradually for forty or fifty rods, up which the attacking foe must march, exposed to the deadly fire, without an object to protect them, while they were covered by the elevation, behind which they were placed, forming a sort of breast-work, above which a small portion of their lines were exposed. And the circular form of this mound rendered the position stronger. On those parts of it least protected by the elevation, the artillery was stationed. Second, the prudence of Wellington did most to gain the victory. He would not, in any case, suffer his soldiers to follow up the retreat of the enemy, or to go forward to an equal conflict. His right advance was stationed behind the Hugomont House, a large stone building, with a high wall about the yard, and his left behind the farm house and yard of La Haye Sainte, so that Napoleon could not attack his centre without being exposed to a front and flank fire. This vantage ground he was resolved to keep, and suffer not his men to be drawn from their stations. By this means he made his enemy do the hardest fighting, and at a most destructive risk.

Notwithstanding all this, the superior bravery of the well trained veterans of Bonaparte's army would have won for him another victory, had not a mere accident led Blucher into the rear of the right of the French troops. As it was the assembled forces, culled from the armies of almost every European nation, with Wellington at their head, did, by a mistake, succeed in a victory over *one man*, who had, in "a hundred days," raised and reorganised his army, subdued France, reconstituted a government, and beaten the army of the Alliance in several engagements. But his time had come. He had transcended the limits of lawful ambition; he had proved himself a tyrant; an enemy to the true interest and glory of the country which had adopted and worshipped him. His allies had mostly forsaken him, and none but the blindly devoted who fought as men pursue a business, remained true. And yet he had well nigh triumphed. Still the accident of war was against him, and he was beaten, and his retreating army pursued with a savage and blood-thirsty revenge by those who had not before had the honor to join in the brutal affray. The Prussians seemed mad with themselves, and to prove their undisputed gallantry, pursued a beaten foe, and in the most genuine cruelty hacked and mangled them to the very walls of Paris.

And this laid the foundation of Wellington's great glory. He had done many bloody things, but none to make him immortal before this. Vamiera, Badajos, Albuera, Toulouse, and Salamanca had witnessed displays of his warlike talents; but it remained for Waterloo to make him immortal by the mistake of a poor peasant, who directed the Prussians into the wrong path! On what a brittle thread hangs human immortality!!

This soil is now more highly honored by a better use. The immense mound of dirt, crowned with the Belgic Lion, alone disgraces the spot or marks the field of bloody strife, except a horde of boys with old rusty buttons, broken buckles and flatted bullets, which are manufactured to gull the justifiers of war and gratify the antiquarian vanity of Englishmen. The hand of industry tills this field, so deeply disgraced by human wickedness, and makes it yield abundantly to support what was once so ruthlessly destroyed, and laid weltering in its own blood, in mingled and mangled masses upon its patient bosom. Others may feel their ambition rise, their patriotism kindle, as the eye wanders over this famed field, but mine does not. I feel a deep and sullen emotion of holy indignation rise up, as memory recalls the hellish works transacted here. I feel not as an Englishman or a Belgian, or a

German, or a Frenchman; nor yet as an American; for we have battle fields in our land *hallowed* with "deeds of noble daring." We have Bunker Hill, and Saratoga, and Brandywine, and Yorktown, and Lundy's Lane, and New Orleans. I speak as a Christian, as a man, as a child of the universal Father, when I feel my heart chilled with horror, or hot with wrath, against the abominations of war. And I turn from the field of Waterloo, the little dirty village, and the ragged relic-venders, with a hearty good will, and look for purer enjoyment in the contemplation of better scenes. Home, and the "land of the free and the home of the brave," is before me, and I cannot linger long anywhere. For the first time since commencing our journey, I feel restless at long delays, uneasy when I am not going. The cause is in the word above—Home. On that my eye rests intently, and I cannot brook delays.

W. S. B.

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY APRIL 21, 1849.

S. C. BULKELEY & CO., PUBLISHERS.

REMOVAL.

The Publishing Office of this paper, together with the Universalist Book Store, has been removed to No. 3 Astor House, Barclay-street.

If our Editorial brethren will have the kindness to notice the fact of our removal, we will regard it as a favor, to be remembered and reciprocated.

As our New Office is convenient of access to our friends in the City, and Vicinity, as well as to those from the Country—we shall always be happy to see them whenever they may find it convenient to call on us. It is our intention to keep on hand a complete assortment of Denominational and Sunday School Books, which we shall sell at the lowest rates for cash. Orders for Binding Books, of any description, or for *Job Printing*, will receive punctual attention.

PARTICULAR DIRECTIONS.

To enable our friends from the Country the more readily to find our new location, we deem it proper to state that Barclay-street is on the North side of the Astor House, running from Broadway to the River. Our Store is in the Astor House, in Barclay-street, three doors from Broadway. By observing these directions, strangers will be able to find us without difficulty.

PUBLIC SERVICES AT OUR CITY CHURCHES.

We would give notice to all concerned, that there is service in the Orchard-street, Bleecker-street and Murray-street Churches in the *Morning* at half past 10: in the Orchard and Fourth-street in the Afternoon at 3, and in the Bleecker street, Murray-street and Fourth street in the *Evening* at half past 7. In Brooklyn, in the Unitarian Church, in the *Afternoon*; and in Williamsburgh, *Morning* and evening.

Conference Meetings are held in the Bleecker-street Lecture Room every Tuesday, in Murray-street every Thursday and in Orchard-street, every Friday, commencing at half past seven. Open to the public, and all invited to attend.

1850.—Corrections, statistics, &c., for the *Universalist Register* for 1850, are earnestly solicited, to be sent to me at this place *before* the first of May next.

Orders for the work should be sent to *Br. A. Tompkins*, 38 Cornhill Boston, before July next. For some years past the sales have not corresponded with the labor and increased expenses of editing and publishing. Consequently the edition must be limited according to the orders received, and those who want the work must order it in due season.

Orders for this State, or for copies to be sent by mail, may be forwarded to
 A. B. GROSH,
 March 6, 1849. Reading, Pa.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

RETRIBUTION—SALVATION.

Conversation with a Unitarian Clergyman—Retribution—was it the great design of Christ's mission to reveal retribution?—Salvation—are the consequences of sin endless?—Redemption complete.

BRETHREN:—I had, a few days since, a long conversation with a prominent Unitarian Clergyman on Unitarianism and Universalism. I might, perhaps, say that we had discussion, for we differed very materially, on several points, and argued freely for our respective views. He was very candid and frank, and not at all disposed to conceal his opinions. His prejudices were strong against our leading doctrines, and he thought them unwarranted both by scripture and reason. You will not be surprised at this, when I inform you that he believed it to be the great object of Christ's mission to reveal retribution—to make known the terrible sanctions of the Divine law. I can hardly conceive of a more erroneous view of Christ's mission than this. I cannot say it is a new view, for it has been held for centuries by that portion of the church, the burden of whose preaching has been *wrath, vengeance, hell*, and who have, if we may judge them by their use of terror, supposed that the only way to save man was to *whip* him into the kingdom of heaven.

The New Testament presents an entirely different view of Christ's mission. According to that, he came to save the world, and though he records retribution, as well as the love of God, discloses the engines of wrath as well as the riches of grace, his object was salvation. His mission was one of mercy. He came that the blind might see, the deaf hear, the sinful be saved. He came to help those who could not help themselves. Hence we read: "The law came by Moses, but grace and truth by Jesus Christ." "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name: That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things on earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." "My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous. And he is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." "We have

seen and do testify, that the Father sent the Son to be the Savior of the world."

The language of these texts is explicit, and proves beyond a doubt, that the object of Christ's mission was the salvation of the world. He came to seek and save the lost. This fact is the leading idea in all the predictions of the prophets respecting him, in every part of the Gospel histories, and in all the Epistles of the Apostles. The mighty one whom the prophets predicted, was a Savior. The mighty one of the Gospels was a Savior. The mighty one of the Epistles was a Savior. Every office which he held, he held that he might save man. He was a teacher that he might lead men to God by his instructions. He was a Mediator, that he might reconcile those alienated from God. He was a Redeemer, that he might restore them from their sins. He was a Priest, that his death might give efficacy to his mission. He was a Judge, that he might by rewards and punishments, save the guilty. He was an Exemplar, that he might render sinners holy as he was holy.

In saying that Christ came to save the world, I would not be understood to mean, that he did not reveal retribution. I readily grant that he did; and that he held up in strong language the laws of God, and all their penalties. But this was not the end of his mission—it was only one of the means for its accomplishment. I would as soon say, that the great work of a school teacher is to correct his pupils, as to say, that the great work of Christ was to disclose retribution. His work was to save; and all that he did was to accomplish this work.

In agreement with the idea to which we have referred, in the foregoing remarks, the clergyman held, that Christ would not wholly save any sinner. While we admired his consistency, we must say that his doctrine seemed abhorrent to our reason, and at war with all the teachings of Scripture. We think it robs Christ entirely of his most endearing character. He is no longer a Savior, but a mere Judge; no longer the one through whom pardon comes, but a mere Teacher of retribution. His mercy is thrown into the background; his love is hidden by his justice—his pity ceases to weep over a fallen world, and grace dies out from his heart. The Christ of such a theory is not the Christ of God, for he is a *Savior*. In mere justice there is no salvation. Christ is the agent of mercy, love and grace; and as such, he lifts men from the position where justice places them, and makes them heirs of a divine inheritance. The song of free grace, which has been sung by millions on millions of God's redeemed upon the earth, is not a mere creation of a benevolent fancy. The first disciples learned it from the Redeemer himself; and as age after age has rolled on, it has been the music of every rejoicing heart.

I cannot, I think, be misunderstood here. I do not suppose, that in the work of salvation Christ absolves any from the claims of justice. But while justice has all its claims, cannot the sinner have help? May not mercy, love, grace, grant him assistance? Why exclude help because there is justice? There is nothing in this like human life. While the parent is just to his child, he helps him. And God helps us, even though he never relaxes his justice. The whole plan of redemption is for our help. All there is in its instruction, in its laws, in its provisions, in its personal agents, is of grace. The plan was formed, not because we had earned the help which it grants, but because we needed it, and because without it we must remain in sin and woe. Through this plan we are instructed; through this plan Divine influences are brought to bear upon us in softening our hearts, elevating our affections, and touching our noblest springs of action. Thus salvation is of Christ. To him we ascribe all honor for its sweet and holy joy, for its blessed communion with the

Father. I would not then, for worlds, give up faith in Christ as a Savior. To do this is to annihilate Gospel mercy, and eternally close the door that opens into heaven.

Though in the foregoing views there may be nothing which precludes the Unitarian idea in regard to our eternal loss in consequence of sin, I wish to say, that there are several considerations worthy the serious attention of all who believe that theory.

1. It conflicts with the design of God in the admission of evil into the world. We can conceive of only one design which a wise and benevolent God would have—and that is, the good of the creature. It certainly could not have been for his evil. This is as certain, as that a perfectly benevolent being could not have an evil design. If then, the design was good, there must be some way by which evil can be made a minister of good. It is not enough to say, that man may be partially happy; for if he is not as happy as he could have been, had it not been for sin, sin was admitted for an evil end. There is no difficulty in seeing how sin can be made a minister of good. It is one of the agencies by which the soul is subjected to a wholesome discipline, by which its powers are perfected, and a divine energy is given to all its faculties. The body can be made strong only by exertion, vigorous, active exertion, exertion in bearing burdens and in performing hard labor. It is the same with the soul. The highest perfection which it can reach on earth is reached by battling with evil. Every victory gained over sin adds to its strength, and every patient endurance of wrong makes it reflect more perfectly the image of God. But in this discipline there is necessarily to be supposed some yielding, even among the best of men, to the dominion of sin. Now, if we say with the Unitarian, that that yielding to sin will prove an eternal loss to the soul, that loss must be a necessary part of God's plan in the admission of evil, and must have been designed by him. Consequently his plan was not perfectly good, but mixed with evil. It has agencies which have an endless disadvantage to the best of men. For this theory does not say that sin shall prove an eternal loss to some men—those who are the worst—but an eternal loss to every man guilty of any sin—an eternal loss to those who have been the brightest Christian lights—an eternal loss to John and Paul, to Wilberforce and Howard, to Winchester and Channing. Is there the least reason in such an idea? Does it not limit the Almighty? Does it not detract from the glory of his goodness? Is it consistent with the perfections of an infinite being to say, that he has evils in his plan which work eternal injury, and that he cannot secure the good which he designs without that injury?

2. The Scriptures are wholly silent about any such eternal consequences of sin as those taught by the theory under consideration. It is nowhere intimated that Paul, and John, and Peter, and James, are not as happy in heaven as they would have been had they never yielded to sin. Much is said in the Bible about the consequences of sin. Its effects upon the mind, and heart, and body, and all the interests of life are described in strong and glowing language. Pictures of the deep, and dark, and damning woe to which it reduces, are found on almost every page of the Bible; but I have yet to see the first text which intimates, that the redeemed in heaven shall eternally lament their transgressions, that there shall be notes of sadness in their songs, that their cup of felicity shall not be full, and the amount of their happiness not as great as it would have been, had not sin been permitted to exist. All the representations given of heaven are adverse to the theory we are considering. From them we learn that in the presence of God there is fullness of joy. In reply to the Sadducees who came to Christ with difficulties in regard to

the resurrection, he says: "But they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry, nor are given in marriage: neither can they die any more: for they are equal unto the angels; and are the children of the resurrection." "Moreover the law entered, that the offence might abound. But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound: that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord." "For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope: Because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the children of God." In these passages, there is no intimation that any cloud shall overshadow the redeemed, that there shall be any incompleteness in their joy. The reverse of this is true. Every tear is to be dried up, and sorrow and sighing are to flee away. There shall be no night there; but all shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of God's house, and drink of the river of his pleasure.

3. Christ is always represented as a complete Savior. His blood is said to cleanse from all sin. The redeemed are said to be washed and made clean, in the blood of the Lamb, and to be clothed in unsullied robes. He is represented as a Refiner who purifies the heart from all dross. He is said to have given himself for the church, "That he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish." Now I cannot reconcile these representations with the idea that the stains of sin can never be washed from the soul, that every transgression will leave a scar that can never be healed. The work of Christ is never described as being thus incomplete. The building he erects is *fitly* framed together, so fitly that every joint is compact, and all are complete in the love which passeth knowledge and in the perfect fullness of God. Not only so, this corruptible puts on incorruption, this mortal immortality, and a complete victory is gained over death, hell and sin. Now there can be no such victory, if eternal consequences are to follow sin, if eternal regrets are to be felt. The sting of death is sin, and conscience the goad by which it torments; therefore, if conscience is eternally to torment, how is a victory ever to be gained by our soul—by even the Apostles themselves—over sin?

For these reasons, and many others that might be given, I look for a complete redemption through Christ—a perfect triumph over evil. Cherishing these views, I feel that in the Lord Jesus I have a Savior. One who can help me—one who can extricate me from all the difficulties in which I have involved myself by sin, and through whom I can obtain a perfect pardon. He cannot, I know, render void the divine law; he cannot absolve me from the claims of justice. And, if he could, he would have the power of doing me an infinite evil. He does not help me by stepping between me and justice; but by taking me where justice leaves me, and quickening into life the energies of my soul. He helps me by leading me onward in the paths of knowledge, and by inciting me to higher and still higher attainments in holiness.

Let it not be said, that in this idea of salvation, encouragement is given to sin; for would it encourage a man to hackle his body, to tell him that his wounds would heal; to cut off his limbs, to tell him that he would not feel their loss in the grave; to load himself with chains, to tell him that the evil of wearing them would not be endless? Let the sinner see that sin is, of itself, an evil, and calculated to make him wretched, and he will have no inducement to seek it. There is more than one way of injuring the sinner; and he inflicts a great injury upon him who ex-

aggrates his guilt and who makes him believe that he is in a difficulty from which even the infinite God can never extricate him. I can hardly conceive of anything so awfully disheartening, and so directly calculated to make him lie down in despair, and yield himself to all that is besetting.

O. A. S.

Boston, March, 1849.

BOOK OF DEVOTIONS.

Some of our readers are aware that Bro. Drew a few weeks since suggested the proposal in "the Banner" of publishing a Prayer Book. The general plan of the work may be seen in his own words. "What we need is a work creditable for size, fulness and beauty—creditable to the denomination; one that shall meet the wants of men, women, and even children, in all the various relations, estates and trials of this mutable life, at home or abroad, in sickness or health, &c." Br. D. proposes to have a book of three parts; the first to contain prayers suited to the times and seasons of individuals. Second, such as would be appropriated to family worship. The third is to contain such forms of prayer as are suited to public worship. He thinks the work may consist of four or five hundred pages octavo, that it may cost a dollar or more, and he very justly remarks, "it should be well bound in old fashioned faithfulness so that it will last a generation without coming to pieces."

Br. Drew asks the questions, "would such a work be acceptable? Would it sell for enough to cover the costs of publication? We should like to have our friends answer candidly?"

We have no objection to expressing our opinion "candidly" in this matter, but whether we can answer both these questions to the satisfaction of all is a matter of some doubt.

In some country villages which seldom have a preacher of our faith to lead in public worship, such a Book as Br. Drew proposes to publish, may be of some service; but even in these instances, the same zeal and piety which would lead one to read prayers from a Liturgy, would indite and offer oral prayers. We have attended religious "Conferences" and "class meetings" in which, in our judgment, the ends of public worship would have been much better promoted by the reading of prayers; and we have heard Clergymen make oral prayers which they themselves under other circumstances, would not, in our opinion, be pleased to hear read in the holy service of Christian worship. The answer then to Bro. Drew's two questions depends on the following considerations: 1st. Are the wants and the sentiments of our denomination such as to warrant the sale or the use of such a book as he proposes? Our preachers are aware that for the three or four centuries of the Christian Church immediately succeeding the days of Christ and his Apostles written prayers were not in use. They are not in the habit of using the prayer books now extant, (and nobody denies their excellence) but they prefer to go to "the throne of grace with a full, grateful, overflowing heart and supplicate the free spirit of God with that freedom of thought and utterance suggested by the occasion and the place, to being confined to a set form. Moreover, it is a very difficult matter to compose a book of prayers so diversified in style and matter as to be appropriate to all the occasions and seasons of prayer, thanksgiving and worship.

These and many other considerations we might name seem to us to prevail in our denomination: at least practice and long custom indicate them. The question then arises, whether a Liturgy which our preachers do not need, which our devout laymen can do without, would meet with an extensive acceptance and patronage.

That Bro. Drew can write a Book of Devotions embracing all that he proposes, we have not the least doubt; that he is as well acquainted as any other man with the general features and wants and taste of our denomination there can be no question. Nor is the objection which we have heard made, that we already have two good Prayer Books, of any weight with us; for the same might be said against admitting new preachers, or building new churches, or writing any more books of any kind. But we give it as our opinion, and it may go for what it is worth, that the actual wants of such a Book as Br. Drew proposes are confined chiefly to a very few portions and sections of our denominational limits, and consequently would not meet with a demand to justify its publication. We will only add that this would be our opinion, and we should express it if invited, if any other preacher of our faith had made Br. D.'s proposal.

R. B. H.

TREATMENT OF HERETICS.

Every one knows that religious persecution has prevailed in all ages of the Christian church. It has been bloody and malignant in the same degree that ignorance and moral darkness have governed dominant sects. We need now refer to but a single instance in Church History, that of the "Donatists" in the 5th Century. Heavy fines were imposed, banishment and death were inflicted on the heretical Donatists under the sanction and authority of the church. Thus has it been in all periods of the world in which the true Gospel spirit has been disregarded and the supremacy of sectarian power been made the instrument of Church authority. We rejoice that we live in a better and brighter day; that we who are called heretics have none of these outward, dismal penalties to fear which have been enacted in darker ages. Read the following which we clip from one of our "Exchanges," a professedly orthodox organ of the Methodist sect:

"We do not believe in the anathemas of the Nicene creed, any more than in those of the creed of Pope Pius IV., and we use no such anathemas. We assume not to say, that Unitarians and Universalists may not be saved, in spite of their heterodoxy, nor do we venture to pronounce them excusable. We believe every one who has reached the line of accountability, is fearfully responsible to God for the views he entertains of the character of God, and the plan of salvation; and that he has no more right to leave out of his creed any portion of revealed truth than he has to leave out of his moral code any precept of the divine law. But how God will deal with those who fall into doctrinal errors, in all cases, we assume not to say—to their own Master they stand or fall."

Are these not better days than those in which terrible fulminations and anathemas went forth from the church and the state, to "blast and to burn" in this world and dooming heretics to perdition in the next. Has not Christianity done something for the world? Has it not awakened a nobler, better spirit that is more like Heaven?

Should it not be matter of gratitude and joy that we live in an age in which such laws exist; and such an influence is exerted on the minds of men and on community, that we dread not the chain nor the faggot. We have as good a right, legally and morally to say our Methodist friends may be saved in spite of their heterodoxy as they have to say this of us. We are pleased with the general tone and style of the above extract however; it is not arrogant, nor menacing and vindictive. It assumes a more modest, liberal aspect than that which we sometimes see and hear.

"Unitarians and Universalists" may have "doctrinal errors," so may the Methodists; but this all are agreed in, and may each ever keep it in view—"Though I have the gift of prophecy, and

understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains and have not charity, I am nothing."

WOLF IN THE FOLD.

"Another of those flagitious affairs which bring so much unjust reproach upon religion, has recently occurred near Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y. It appears by the papers, that a Mrs. Woolcott, being, as she supposed, upon her death-bed, called her husband to her bedside, and confessed to him that she had long been criminally intimate with 'Elder Scofield,' the pastor of a Presbyterian church in the vicinity, and a married man as well as a minister of God. The husband charged the clergyman with the crime, and he confessed it. Subsequently it appeared that two unmarried ladies of his congregation had been seduced by him. He fled from public indignation, but, being overtaken by Woolcott, compromised the 'difficulty' for \$3000! Scofield is said to be now in New York City, whither he sent his wife and family soon after his scoundrelism was discovered."—*Tribune*.

Since the above was published, a gentleman from "Western New York" has called at our Office and confirmed the statement. It must be painful to every Christian to become acquainted with such cases of hypocrisy and wickedness. We would not republish these gross and common defections, or offer any comment on their enormity, were it not for the fact that as a denomination we are assailed from almost every sect in Christendom with the cry of "immoral tendency," "dangerous heresy," moral pollution, &c. Rev. M. H. Smith has been endorsed and re-endorsed for his reiterated tales of the corrupting and demoralizing influence of Universalism, and our editorial contemporaries seldom speak of us and our views without uttering or alluding to the common charge, "Universalism encourages all kind of sin." We wish our accusers would learn the few following wholesome items:

1st. If a doctrine is proved to be false on the ground that some of its teachers and defenders are arrant villains, then we be to Presbyterianism and Methodism!

2d. The doctrine of endless torments fails to accomplish all that its advocates claim for it in their contrasting it with Universalism.

3d. It is not the degree of punishment, but the certainty of it, that has a restraining power over men.

4th. It will be quite time enough to repeat the antiquated charge that our doctrine leads to all manner of licentiousness, when as many of its believers and defenders, in proportion to denominational numbers, are found guilty, as can be produced in the ranks of "Evangelical" and "orthodox" sects.

5th. The hope of escape from justice by repentance, or some other mean, is as unscriptural as it is demoralising.

6th. "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

B. B. H.

WORK OF THE DEVIL.

"A clergyman in Tioga county, New York, in opposing the Sons, went from Church to church, and from school house to school-house, in the vain hope of persuading people that the operations of the Sons of Temperance, were the works of the Devil! Poor fellow! he had a hard time of it. Many intelligent persons concluded that if the devil had anything to do with either party, he stood smilingly behind this blind guide, patting him cosily on the shoulder, ever and anon exclaiming—"You're the preacher for me!"—*N. Y. Organ*.

This reminds us of the common saying that "the devil was the first Universalist preacher." We are tempted to ask the question, is it not sometimes very convenient for people to charge the devil with that which does not belong to him? If they believed in no such a personage, we hardly know what they could invent to show their opposition. If any one denies

any of the cherished doctrines of the church; if he speaks a word in opposition to what he considers the errors or follies of some religious professors, or if he joins "the Sons of Temperance," he is given over to the devil. This is an antiquated, time-worn method of disposing of our neighbors which should be given up for a more calm and dignified way of combatting what we believe to be wrong. We have no fault to find with those who abhor our sentiments as regards their zeal; let them be active and vigilant in their efforts to stay the progress of Universalism, if they believe it to be an abominable falsehood. But in Heaven's name let us have something better by way of opposition than this invocation (so to speak) to the devil. It may answer for the profane swearer, and the revengeful vindictive spirit, but really, Clergymen ought to do better and know better.

Similar remarks to those in the above article from the Organ may be made in reference to the common saying, that Universalists believe the Devil's doctrine and do his works. We see not how a doctrine which pleads for the divine paternity; love to God and to man; which lifts the soul in faith and hope into the pure atmosphere of charity and peace can be pleasing to the devil.

We are safe in saying that "many intelligent persons" when they hear the believers in the salvation of a world called the devil's dupes," &c., come to the conclusion that if anything is well-pleasing in the sight of the "Arch-Potentate," it must be the prospect that nearly all infants that die, nearly all the millions of the heathen world, thousands in Christendom, and the greater portion of Universalists are to people his infernal kingdom. But what saith the Scripture? See Heb. ii. 14, 15. 1 John iii. 8. Read and understand.

B. B. H.

A DEBATE ON UNIVERSAL SALVATION,

"Between Rev. David Holmes, of the Oneida Conference, and Rev. J. M. Austin. Reported by W. G. Bishop, Esq., 12 mo., pp. 823. This large volume is a very full development of the argument, *pro* and *con*, on the doctrine of Universalism. Mr. Austin, so far as we have examined his speeches, is unusually candid for a Universalist. His sophistry is fully and conclusively exposed, and the argument in opposition to the dangerous heresy of Universalism, is clearly and forcibly presented by brother Holmes. The book may be referred to as a fair specimen of what may be said by able advocates on both sides. It should be procured by all those who have to deal with Universalism."

Thus speaks "The Christian Advocate and Journal" of last week. We are glad that so favorable a notice of this work has appeared in the columns of the Advocate. Of course we do not agree with all that is said in the above, yet we publish it entire, and return our acknowledgements to the Advocate for calling the attention of its readers to this discussion. We will only add that the work is for sale at our office—price \$1.25, per copy. All who are willing to hear will find in its perusal an able and voluminous expose of the arguments on both sides. Procure the book and read, and then judge where the "sophistry" is found.

SMITHVILLE FLATS, N. Y.

In this pleasant little village a society of Universalists was organized, and a meeting-house for them was erected in 1842. But a portion of the funds had been previously raised for that purpose; and at the dedication in 1843, and at a subsequent conference, efforts were made to liquidate the debt; but the almost impassable state of the roads on both occasions, prevented so many from attending, that as at other times, they met with but limited success. On the 24th and 25th of Janu-

ry last, a Conference was held there, and two sermons were delivered by Br. Hobbs, and three by the writer; we being the only Clergymen of our order present, Br. Warner, who then resided there, excepted. The storm was intense during the latter part of the first and the whole of the second day, and the congregation was not very large; but it was attentive and I trust benefitted by the meeting. The Clergymen present devoted the very liberal contribution taken for them, to the society; and through the untiring exertions of our young brother, C. P. Tarbell, aided occasionally by others, and the generosity of the noble-hearted friends of the cause, a few of whom live too remote from Smithville Flats to be directly profited. The several hundred dollars still owing for their house was raised in cash or by subscription, which has since been paid; and now they may justly consider it their own.

Br. Warren, now of Montrose, Pa., has resided here until recently, for several years, and preached one half of the time, during which he has encountered serious discouragements. The loss by death and removal of some of his most munificent and reliable supporters; the dissatisfaction arising from their embarrassed condition; and other obstacles of a still worse character, which it is inexpedient to name. But through his faithfulness at the helm, the congregation has become more permanent and the society has triumphed over many of its unforeseen misfortunes, and we hope it will finally surmount every impediment to its onward progress. Though not very numerous, it is probably the largest, most wealthy and respectable of any in the town. It has a good well located house, an excellent choir and a Bible Class or Sunday School, and will doubtless soon secure the services of some acceptable ministering brother, at least half the time, who, I trust like their late pastor, will "not weary in well doing," nor faint under obstacles not absolutely unsurmountable, but who will "hope on, hope ever; and work on, work ever; and when his labors with them are ended will leave behind him a good name and many warm and worthy friends of our own denomination and beyond its bounds. It embraces some truly estimable members; and if they will use every honorable exertion to secure the attendance to our meetings and support to our cause to the hundreds in that place and throughout the region, who are favorable or not particularly opposed to our sentiments, but who seldom hear or contribute to sustain any religious sect, they will convert the unconverted, improve the manners and morals, and christianize the feelings of the people, and their hills and villages will soon echo and re-echo with the praises of God.

Oxford, April 5th, 1849.

NEW-LONDON, CONN.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Notice has been given through the Messenger, of the selling of the Universalist Church in this city. Although the agreement was entered into some three weeks ago, yet it was not fully consummated until within the present week. And now that the event is past, we deem it a proper time to state to our friends in the good cause, abroad, the circumstances attending it; and we do so the more readily, in order that they may have no reason for discouragement, in the idea that might arise, that Universalism is losing ground in this city. Such is by no means the case, neither is our society in a less prosperous condition than formerly. On the contrary, the very reverse is the fact.

The circumstances that led to the sale of the church are, in brief, as follows: Ever since its erection, which was in 1843, it has been encumbered with a heavy debt, which our friends have

ever considered to be a hindrance to the prosperity of the Society. And now, having a fair offer, they deemed it a judicious operation to dispose of it, and erect another, upon Br A. C. Thomas's highly popular plan, with stores in the basement. They did it the more readily, knowing that it would at once place them, pecuniarily, upon a safe and sure foundation.

Under these circumstances, our friends consider the sale of their house a fortunate occurrence. They feel that a great burden has been taken from them, and are now encouraged to go forward with increased zeal in their labor for the truth. The price for which it was sold is \$12,000—its full value. The purchasers are a body who have recently seceded from the first Baptist Society of this city. A lot is already purchased, and arrangements will immediately be made for the erection of the new Church. In the meantime our meetings will be held in a very convenient and pleasant Hall, which is engaged for the purpose.

Our friends, as would be expected, in giving up their house, sacrifice much in feeling. I need not say they were greatly attached to it. They were the more so, having built it themselves, going through with all the anxiety and trouble attending its erection, and having fitted it to suit their own taste and convenience. Previous to its being built they were compelled to move about from place to place,—worshipping in the Court House, in Halls, or wherever they could find it most convenient. Here they felt they had, as it were, a home. But as soon as they saw it best for the welfare of the cause, they came forward with great unanimity of feeling, and determined to make the sacrifice. Few societies have undergone more than they, since the erection of their church. They have encountered the most severe and relentless opposition, and have sustained many heavy losses, in the removal and death of able and influential friends. But for all this, few societies have been so united, few have labored so hard, few are more deserving of success. And though they have parted with their house, their future success as a Society is now rendered certain. By judicious management they cannot fail to prosper. Under these circumstances they look forward to the future with the brightest hopes and most cheering prospects, determined to go forward with an increased devotion and renewed energy, in their labor for the interests of Truth and Humanity.

Yours fraternally, J. W. D.

New-London, March 29, 1849.

WILLIAMSBURGH SUNDAY SCHOOL.

This school will celebrate its Fourth Anniversary on Thursday evening next, commencing at 7 o'clock, at the Church in Fourth Street, at the corner of South Third-street. The Exercises will consist of a Musical Entertainment, embracing a series of *Songs of the Beautiful*. It is believed that the occasion will be as highly interesting as was the Anniversary last year; and if so, every one present will be entirely satisfied.

Tickets at 25 cents each, may be obtained at the door.

Two Tickets will admit three persons.

We need hardly say, that we hope our New York, as well as our Williamsburgh friends, will bear the occasion in mind, and manifest their interest in the prosperity of this School by a crowded house.

RUM AMONG INDIANS.—A proposition has been introduced into the Legislature of Michigan, making it a misdemeanor, punishable with imprisonment to sell, give, or in any way, furnish spirituous Liquors to Indians. A good idea. Query. How much better is an Indian than a white man?

TO SUBSCRIBERS IN PROVIDENCE, R. I.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.—We have made arrangements with Messrs. Rowe, & Co., Periodical dealers in the Franklin House Building, to serve our subscribers in Providence, which we hope may prove acceptable to all concerned. Persons desiring the paper can leave their address at the above named place, and have the paper left at their residence or at their places of business, at the regular subscription price, without any charge for postage or delivery—by paying for it when it is received. We will be obliged to any of our friends who have agreed to take the paper, if they will give notice of this arrangement to others who may be induced to subscribe.

Those who prefer it can receive their papers for the present at No. 6 Market Square, as heretofore, and pay their subscriptions to the agent, Col. S. H. Wales.

REV. ALBERT CASE.—This Brother has removed from Worcester, Mass., having resigned the pastoral charge of the Society in that place. We are informed that the Society in Worcester is large, and in a prosperous condition. As an evidence of the regard which the Society entertained for their late Pastor, the Ladies of "The Sewing Circle" presented him with a rich suit of clothes a short time before his leaving, and the Sunday School, through their Superintendent, presented him with a splendid writing desk, with all the appendages, gold pen, &c. We hope this Society will soon obtain another good preacher, and we think they will not long be without one. We wish them a long and continued prosperity, and no doubt this is the sincere wish of their late Pastor.

ATTEMPT TO RESTORE THE GALLOWES.—A formidable effort has been made by the advocates of the Death Penalty, to induce the Michigan Legislature to repeal the law abolishing capital punishment. No means have been left unemployed to influence that body to go back to the old law. A certain portion of the Clergy have manifested a particular anxiety on the subject; and some have feared they would carry their points. A report has been presented by the committee to which the subject was referred, adverse to the repeal of the law. Take courage, Friends, there yet is hope. Reforms rarely go backwards.

PUBLIC EXECUTIONS have just been forbidden by the Legislatures of Delaware and Virginia. The good work progresses. People are beginning to see the evils of Capital Punishment. They will soon wonder it was permitted to be inflicted so long.

NEW MEETING HOUSE.

We are happy to learn that the Universalists of Westfield, Ohio, have built a new meeting house. It will be finished and dedicated during the month of May next.

REMOVALS.

Br. R. O. Williams has, we learn, received an invitation to take the pastoral charge of the Universalist Society in Exeter, N. H.

Br. C. H. Fay will enter upon his pastoral duties in the Orchard-st. Society on the 1st of May.

Br. John Moore is about to remove to Strafford, Vt. He has recently been settled at Lynn, and now returns to his native town.

Br. Warren Skinner has removed from Proctorsville to South Woodstock, Vt., and desires to be addressed at the latter place.

Br. D. H. Plumb has accepted an invitation to settle with the Society at Gloucester, Mass., and he desires to be addressed accordingly.

Br. D. C. Tomlinson has removed to Cooperstown, N. Y., and wishes to be addressed accordingly.

Miscellaneous Department.

The following was handed us by a worthy friend and patron who wishes to preserve it in the columns of the paper. The author, S. M. Chester, had it published originally in "The New York American," since which it appeared with some alterations in the "Columbian Magazine" for 1848. The reader will agree with us in saying that a harp which can produce such numbers, should not "long hang mouldering" in silence or obscurity.

N I A G A R A.

Reader! hast thou beheld Niagara
And worshipped o'er its waters?—turn away
Thy glance from this poor mimicry of words,
That infant-like, essays "to syllable"
Its thunders. I would not mock thy memory;
But if thine eye from its effulgence "dark
With excessive brightness" ne'er shrunk back,
Thy tingling ear ne'er deafened in its war,
Nor thy heart quailed in utter humbleness
Before its majesty; permit the Muse,
Like nursery-limner, tracing on the wall,
By taper-light, a father's form revered,
To sketch, beneath faint Memory's moony beam,
A profile of its grandeur;—vague indeed,
And formed, at best, of broken images
That, like the fragments of the bow on mist,
Elude the eye aching in vain to arch them.

Niagara is no sportive mountain stream
That, kid-like, leaps in wanton playfulness
From cliff to cliff, glistening mid-air, and gone;
Nor angry winter-brook, driven blackly on,
Chafing its way down bristled rocks, like boar
Hard pressed by hunter, foaming and vengeful;
Nor the tame, drowsy cascade of the mill,
Palling the wearied sense, like household wheel
Of busy spinster, droning forever;—
These, to Niagara, are but as atoms
Lit by his radiance, to the full-orbed sun,
Or pattering rain-drops to the sea they melt in.
Oh! for a pencil, dipped in living light,
To arrest its falling glory, and transfuse
Its haloed features o'er my page,—all warm
And breathing from the hand of Heaven,—how Pride
Should wither—Infidelity adore.

'Tis not alone the grandeur of a Lake
Whose bosom forms the pillow of the clouds,
Pouring its wealth in arching sheet of glass,
Or wreaths of pearl, or jets of silver spray;
Cleaving the solid rock, and billowing on
To join the main, that makes Niagara
Magnificent;—'tis the *Eternity*
Stamped on its brow—the signet of the skies.

When the foundations of the earth were laid,
Together sang the morning stars, and I with

New joy shouted the sons of God;—then leap't
 This ocean-avalanche its bounds, shooting
 The cloud-hung cliff, and bursting into snow.
 Then well'd its voice of praise amid the spheres,
 Echo His, who "rides upon the storm,"
 And thunders:—Then, too, its volum'd breath
 Rose, like the morning incense of the Earth,
 While every herb and flower its drippings bathed,
 Sparkled with life, and breathed its fragrance too.
 "Vain pomp and glory of the world," how shrink
 Ye, in the presence of a scene like this!
 Your fragile bubbles on the stream of Time,
 Rise, swell, and glitter; break, and are no more;—
 The shocks of war, the crash of falling thrones,
 And all the noisy pageantries of man
 Melt into silence deathless as the grave:
 But this loud herald of the Eternal
 Lifts his great name, till Time itself shall cease.
 Ages have circled o'er his hoary brow—
 The forest monarchs, mouldering, dropt away,
 And the perpetual hills themselves, bowed low,
 Crumbling beneath the earthquake of his voice,
 But he rolls on unchanged, the same forever.

Awful Niagara! when I recall
 The deep and breathless thrill that smote my heart,
 And overflowed my eye, when first thy roar
 And misty column broke upon my sense;
 I shudder, e'en in fancy to approach
 A shrine, so like that hallowed by His feet,
 That touched the top of Sinai and it smoked.
 But Sinai's lightnings arrow not from thee
 The vengeance of the Eternal,—there, instead,
 The Bow of Promise smiles; lighting the gloom
 And breathing "peace! sweet peace!" mid endless storm
 Oh! who can stand upon thy dizzy verge,
 And look into thy thundering abyss
 Yawning in withering vapor, fathomless,
 Without a gush of rapture, that e'en there
 The Token of the Covenant is bended.
 Or who, launched tossing in the toppling boat
 Upon the boiling billows far beneath,
 Can lift his eyes, where thy impending streams
 Blent with the clouds, deep floating in the sky,
 Come, like a falling firmament, and not
 Shrink into utter nothingness, and cry—
 "Lord, what is man, that thou regardest him."

SPOT WHERE MY MOTHER KNEELED.

Every one who has thought on the subject, must know how great is the influence of the female character, especially in the sacred relations of wife and mother. I have vivid recollection, says the Rev. R. Knill, in his memoir of Mrs. Loveless, of the effects of maternal influence. My honored mother was a religious woman, and she watched over and instructed me as pious mothers are accustomed to do. Alas! I often forget her admonitions; but, in my most thoughtless days I never lost the impressions which her holy examples had made on my mind. After spending a large portion of my life in foreign lands, I returned again to visit my native village. Both my parents died while I was in Russia, and their house is now occupied by my brother. The furniture remains just the same as when I was a boy, and at night I was accommodated with the same bed in which I had often slept before; but my busy thoughts would

not let me sleep. I was thinking how God had led me through my journey of life. At last, the light of the morning darted through the little window, and then my eye caught a sight of the spot where my sainted mother forty years before, took my hand and said, "come my dear kneel down with me, and I will go to prayer." This completely overcame me. I seemed to hear the very tones of her voice. I recollected some of her expressions, and I burst into tears, and arose from my bed, and fell upon my knees just on the spot where my mother kneeled, and thanked God that I had once a praying mother. And, oh! if every parent could feel what I felt then, I am sure they would pray with their children as well as pray for them.—*N. Y. Organ.*

BE GENTLE.

"I walked," said Henry Martyn, "into the village where the boats stopped for the night, and found the worshippers of Gali by the sound of their drums and cymbals—I did not speak to them, on account of their being Bengalese. But being invited to walk in by the Brahmins, I walked within the railing, and asked a few questions about the idol. The Brahmin who spoke bad Hindoostan, disputed with great heat, and his tongue ran faster than I could follow, and the people, who were about one hundred, shouted applause. But I continued to ask my questions without making any remarks upon the answers. I asked among other things, whether what I had heard of Vishnu and Brahma were true, which they confessed. I forebore to press him with the consequences, which he seemed to feel, and so I told him what was my belief. The man grew quite mild, and said it was *chula bat*, (good words,) and asked me seriously at last, what I thought—was idol worship true or false; I feel it a matter of thankfulness that I could make known the truth of God, though but a stammerer, and that I had declared it in the presence of a devil. And this I also learned, that the power of gentleness is irresistible.—*Practical Christian.*

ERRING BROTHER.

Would you throw a brick-bat to a friend that had fallen overboard? Would you gather stones and pile them on the bank that had fallen on a brother? Would you throw a keg of powder to the person who had fallen into the fire? Then why heap words of reproach upon him who has erred from the path of duty? Why denounce him, and spurn him from your presence? Can you be a stranger to the human heart—you who have so often fallen? Shame on you—shame!

He cannot know the human heart
 Who, when a weaker brother errs,
 Instead of acting Mercy's part,
 Each base, malignant passion stirs.

Harsh words and epithets but prove
 That he himself is in the wrong—
 That first he needs a brother's love
 To nerve his heart and guide his tongue.—[Index.]

THE GROWTH OF THE WEST.]

No one (remarks the editor of the Cincinnati Atlas) who is not on the spot, can form an adequate idea of the rapidity and completeness with which towns and settlements have been made on the Upper Mississippi. During the season past, four steamboats have run regularly to the Falls of St. Anthony, and had more business than they could do. A new boat has been procured, and five boats will run to the Falls next spring. When we consider that the Falls of St. Anthony are seven hundred miles above St. Louis, in the heart of what was recent-

ly the Indian country, we can understand that such a business now is a wonderful fact. Such facts, however, are constantly occurring. The flood of emigration is spreading over the far Northwest, with resistless energy. At the Falls of St. Croix, sixty miles north of the Falls of St. Anthony, there is a great dam erected, which is calculated for fifteen saw-mills. The country is full of fine timber, and the lumber business is now the principal pursuit there. At the mouth of Crow Wing, fifty miles west of St. Anthony there are also settlements. In that remote region, the process of population and civilization is going on with great rapidity. In less than twenty years, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota, will contain two millions of people; and, long before that time, new waves of emigration will flow far beyond that, into new wilderness lands. Thus a large part of that population which comes from Europe will be absorbed in prairies and woods, untrodden by civilization.

MEMORY OF A MOTHER.

John Randolph, some years ago, addressed himself to a friend as follows:

"I used to be called a Frenchman, because I took the French side in politics; and though this was unjust, yet the truth is, I should have been a French Atheist, if it had not been for one recollection, and that was the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and cause me on my knees to repeat '*Our Father which art in Heaven.*'"

GRATITUDE:

Hon. A. H. Stephens, member of Congress from Georgia, concluded a speech given at Alexandria, Va., not long since as follows:

"A poor little boy, in a cold night in June, with no home or roof to shelter his head, no paternal or maternal guardian to guide or protect and direct him on his way, reached at nightfall the house of a rich planter who took him in, fed, lodged, and sent him on his way, with his blessings. Those kind attentions cheered his heart and inspired him with courage to battle with the obstacles of life. Years rolled round: Providence led him on; he had reached the legal profession; his host had died; the cormorants that prey on the substance of man had formed a conspiracy to get from the widow her estate. She sent for the nearest counsel to commit her cause to him, and that counsel proved to be the orphan boy years before welcomed and entertained by her deceased husband. The stimulus of a warm and tenacious gratitude was now added to the ordinary motives connected with the profession. He undertook her cause with a will not easily to be resisted; he gained it; the widow's estates were secured to her in perpetuity; and Mr. Stephens added, with an emphasis of emotion that sent its electric thrill throughout the house, '*that orphan boy stands before you!*'"

MICROSCOPE WONDERS.

Upon examining the edge of a very sharp lancet with a microscope, it will appear as broad as the back of a knife; rough, uneven, full of notches and furrows. An excellently small needle resembles a rough iron bar. But the sting of a bee, seen through the same instrument, exhibits everywhere a most beautiful polish, without the least flaw, blemish or inequality, and it ends in a point too fine to be discerned. The threads of a fine lawn seem coarser than the yarn with which ropes are made for anchors. But a silk worm's web appears perfectly smooth and shining, and everywhere equal. The

smallest dot that can be made with a pen, appears irregular and uneven, but the little specks on the wings or bodies of insects are found to be most accurately circular. The finest miniature paintings appear before the microscope ragged and uneven, entirely void of beauty, in drawing or coloring. The most even and beautiful varnishes will be found to be mere roughness. But the nearer we examine the works of God, even in the least production, the more sensible shall we be of his wisdom and power. In the numberless species of insects, what proportion, exactness, uniformity, and symmetry do we perceive in all organs! what profusion of coloring! azure, green and vermilion, gold, silver, pearls, rubies and diamonds; fringe and embroidery on their bodies, wings, heads and every part! how high the finishing, how inimitable the polish we everywhere behold.—*Scientific American.*

THE SABBATH.

The Sabbath day should be a season when young persons should aim at moral and intellectual improvement: but, in point of fact, is by thousands dedicated to vice and immorality. That time in which young men should become wiser and more respectable, is used so as to render them dissipated and corrupt. The mind and the morals are neglected—a disregard of character is produced—and a contempt for correct principles engendered. Many persons who are themselves moral and respectable, are training up their boys to become vagabonds. Relaxation from labor and ordinary employments will do boys but little good, if it is used as an opportunity for them to rush into bad company, and acquire the worst of habits. The merchant who has clerks the mechanic who has apprentices, and the parent who has children under him, owes to them and to society a sacred duty which should lead them to take a proper interest in their moral culture, and to use all possible efforts to render them meritorious citizens. He is guilty of a flagrant omission of duty, if he permits them to spend the Sabbath in scenes of revelry and dissipation; [St. Louis New Era.]

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Original.

BIRTHDAY VERSES.

BY JAMES LUMBARD.

Thy Birth-day, dear Mary, and many will offer
Affection's fond tribute to-day;
Right welcome will be the heart-gifts that they proffer,
But wilt thou accept of my lay?

I ask not that wealth with its perishing treasures,
May be those that thy beauty shall win,
For they are but dross when compared with the pleasures
That flow from the fountain within.

The gift that I bring thee is simply a blessing—
A prayer, that thy spirit, as now,
May always be loving and gentle, possessing
The truth that is writ on thy brow.

I pray that in circles of fashion and splendor
Where the gay and the frivolous move,
Thy young heart may never be made to surrender
Its priceless affection and love.

I pray that thy pathway, now bordered with roses,

May ever be lighted by love,
That the gladness which now in thy bosom reposes
May be thine till rekindled above.

And when at the close of thy life's solemn mission,
The Sent of the Father descends,
May angels attend thee to regions Elysian,
Where rapture ne'er withers nor ends!

Utica.

CONNECTICUT SAILOR BOY.

FOR YOUTH TO READ.

A minister who had been on a sea voyage, relates a thrilling scene which took place on board the ship *Cornelia*, in a storm. The winds had lashed the ocean into foam; the ship was rolling fearfully, and all began to fear it was her last voyage.

Some of the rigging became entangled at the mast head, and it was necessary to send some one aloft to adjust it. Who could climb those ropes to such a giddy height in such a fearful storm? On board was a Connecticut boy, the son of a poor widow, who had left home to brave the storms, and bear the perils of life on the ocean wave for his mother's sake. But we will let the minister, who was eye-witness, describe the scene:

"I was standing near the mate and heard him order that boy aloft to do it! He lifted his cap and glanced at the swinging mast, the boiling, wrathful sea, and the steady determined countenance of the mate. He hesitated in silence a moment, then rushing across the deck, he pitched down into the fore-castle. Perhaps he was gone two minutes, when he returned, laid his hands on the ratlines, and went up with a will. My eye followed him till my head was dizzy, when I turned and remonstrated with the mate for sending that boy aloft. He could not come down alive! Why did you send him? I did it, replied the mate, to save life. We've sometimes lost men overboard, but never a boy. See how he holds like a squirrel. He is more careful. He'll come down safe, I hope.

Again I looked, till a tear dimmed my eye, and I was compelled to turn away, expecting every moment to catch a glimpse of his last fall.

In about 15 or 20 minutes, having finished the job, he came down, and straitening himself up with the conscious pride of having performed a manly act, he walked aft with a smile on his countenance.

In the course of the day I took occasion to speak with him and ask him why he hesitated when ordered aloft? Why he went down into the fore-castle? I went, sir said the boy, to pray. Do you pray? Yes, sir; I thought I might not come down alive, and I went to commit my soul to God. Where did you learn to pray? At home; my mother wanted me to go to Sunday School, and my teacher urged me to pray to God to keep me—and I do. What was that in your jacket pocket? My testament, which my teacher gave me. I thought if I did perish, I would have the word of God close to my heart."

Christian Secretary.

FACTS FOR BOYS.

Not a great many years ago, there lived in our land, three little boys, about whom much has been said.

They appeared very much like other boys, had no better ancestors, nor did they enjoy greater advantages than many of you. Indeed, their advantages may not have been so great as yours. For then, excellent schools were not so common as they are now. One of these lads became the post-boy between Quincy and Boston. Another was a mill-boy in a distant part of

the country. And the third was a lawyer's errand-boy. Their names were John Quincy, Henry, and Andrew. They were all good scholars—faithful and obedient to their parents. They were always the first of their classes. Year after year they continued to improve, and at a very early age became quite distinguished. Soon, the first became so wise and learned, that he was appointed to fill public offices, and finally became the great John Quincy Adams, President of the United States. The other two were also great men with him, and have been long known as Henry Clay and Andrew Jackson. You have all heard and read of these distinguished men. And yet they were once boys like yourselves. The first was known among his companions as the little John Quincy—and he worked, and studied, and played, and coasted, just like the boys of these days. But how did he and the other two become so famed? It was by improving privileges, as all good boys improve them. And, do you inquire, 'Can I make such distinguished progress?' Doubtless you may, by diligence and perseverance. It is certain, that all who will be the honored men of our country, fifty years from the present time, are now but little boys. They are playing in the streets, and studying in the schools. Some of them must take the places of John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, and Andrew Jackson. Who shall it be? Try and see. [Bos. Reporter.

THE UNKIND CHILDREN.

"Toss it in the air!" said one. "Hurrah! there it goes!" "Catch it, Tom, and hoist it up again!" said a well-dressed boy, with a smart new cap. There were so many boys, that I could not for a minute or two distinguish with what they were amusing themselves. At last, the wind blew toward me a little cloth cap, not made, to be sure, in the fashion, but very neatly repaired, and quite good enough to be worn by any boy. A little boy ran after the cap and tried to get it from the others. His head was bare, therefore I concluded it was his. Oh! Charles," cried he, "give me my cap, it will be all dirty." But the reckless Charles answered by kicking it in the air again crying out, "Hurrah! for the Dutchman's cap." This stroke of wit, as they all appeared to think it caused a loud laugh, and one said, "He bought it from some Dutchman. Didn't you, eh?"

The little mortified owner of the cap was at last with difficulty kept from tears, and the others having had enough of sport, allowed him to pick it up from the dirt and left him to walk home with it, brushing it as well as he could, and trying to get it in shape again,—the tears now and then starting in his eyes, and his face coloring at the recollection of the unkind, insulting treatment he had experienced from his school-fellows. When this little boy came home I heard him say to his mother—"I cannot wear this cap again."

"Why not?" asked his mother.

"Why, the other boys have new caps, and they call mine a Dutchman's cap."

This little boy's mother was obliged to be very economical or saving in his clothing, that she might be enabled to give him a good education, and she said, "I cannot afford to get you a new cap like the other boys—you know we are not so rich as many of them are."

"But the boys all laugh at me as I go along the street, and knock my cap off into the dirt, and that makes me feel so, I do not know what to do. Oh, mother, get me a new cap, 'I would if I could,' said his mother. "but you know I am poor." She looked sorrowfully at him and said, "Your school-fellows must be very unkind and thoughtless children. But though their behavior discovers ignorance, and very foolish pride, you

must endeavor to bear it with patience and firmness, and show them by your conduct, that a boy's character is not determined by the shape or quality of his clothes. You need not be ashamed to own that your parents have not much money, and are unable to purchase for you smart and fashionable clothing. Be ashamed of bad behavior, and the laugh and insult of the world will not give you much uneasiness."

One word to the children who behave to their school-fellows as these boys did. A noble, well-bred, and especially a Christian child, will know that dress or appearance does not make a gentleman or lady; that as far as this is concerned, they are the most respectable who are not meanly ashamed to dress according to their circumstances. A wicked heart and a mean disposition are often found under fashionable clothes and good looks.

Our Lord Jesus Christ was very poor in outward things, and did not take his rank among the gay and fashionable of the earth; but this did not take from his real dignity. And sure I am that any child who would be like him, could not be guilty of the meanness and unkind behavior of these children.—*N. Y. Organ.*

CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

O Lord Jesus, though thou art now on thy throne of glory, thou art ready to hear the prayers of little children who come to thee. I pray to thee to send thy holy angels round my bed, and to take care of me while I sleep to-night. I thank Thee for giving me so many blessings to-day. I have not tried to be so good a child as I ought to have been. Naughty feelings have often risen in my heart, and then I forgot that Thou wast near me. O when these evil tempters come, send thy spirit to keep them away. When I am hasty and unkind, and ready to dispute with my brothers and sisters about little things, as I am too apt to do, may I think of Jesus Christ, my meek and gentle Savior, who never spoke one harsh or angry word. When proud, vain thoughts come into my mind, may I think of Jesus who was so humble, and so kind to everyone. May I try more to please others than to please myself. Make me willing to return good for evil. May I seek to make all around me happy and to follow the example of my Savior who went about doing good. O Lord, make me more like Him. May I be one of His children on earth, and go at last to dwell with Him, forever in heaven. Amen.—*Youth's Friend.*

INDOLENCE.—Most men date the predominance of those desires that disturb life and contaminate conscience, from some unhappy hour, when with too much leisure he has lived with little observation, either on himself or others. Who does not know that to be idle is to be vicious?

Agricultural Department.

ORNAMENTAL TREES.

A stranger traveling through almost any part of the U. S., would think he had met with the strangest anatomy ever presented. He would have heard, no doubt, that the Americans were a people of refined taste, awake to all the beauties, not only of nature, but of poetry and romance, and yet perhaps, in a day's ride, scarcely see a tree connected with a house either for beauty or for shade, much less the rich and elegant groups of trees he had anticipated finding. To such a traveler from almost any other civilized country, to see a decent country house standing like a haystack in a meadow, the conclusion would be that its inhabitants, whatever fame might have reported of them to the contrary, were as destitute of taste as those animals of the meadow who fed upon the hay stack.

There is nothing in the compass of inanimate nature so interesting as trees. They speak a language to the heart which no one can fail to understand. They awaken to recollection the memory of scenes long past not only in the innocent sports of childhood, but often those of deeper interest. It must be noticed by every observer, that even the brute creation feel a veneration for trees. A tree is to a house, furniture: it may be made clothing, and even bread. "It forms part of every machine by which the genius of man has taught him to lighten the labor of his hand. There is that in a tree, considered as an individual work of the Creator, which may well excite our attention, and most amply reward our study."

For fuel, and more especially for timber, economy alone, without the aid of good taste, would, if consulted, be sufficient to plead for the preservation of forest trees.

But when the folly has been committed, and its consequences are beginning to be sensibly felt, what remedy can be applied, if not to afford immediate relief, at least to prevent posterity from suffering by its effect. The still small voice of common sense confirmed by the example of several nations of Europe, points out the remedy.

The first step is to establish nurseries where all the most valuable trees could be obtained at moderate prices; a few would avail themselves of their advantages, and the force of example would soon excite the multitude to follow them, and in a few years those who lived to see our dwellings, which now stand as unornamental as milestone's tastefully surrounded by beautiful trees and their value doubled in the eye of most purchasers; they would see the public roads lined with extensive rows of valuable trees, and last, farm houses would be sheltered in their situations from bleak and destructive winds, by belts of the pine and fur trees, and their cattle and sheep would find protection in winter, and places of repose from summer heat.—*Columbia Republican.*

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. S. C. Bulkeley, will preach in Meriden, Conn., on Sunday the 22d inst.

There will be preaching in Blauveltville, on Sunday, the 29th inst., morning and afternoon.

Br. D. Skinner will preach at Holland Patent, on the 1st Sunday, 22d inst.

Theophilus Fiske will preach at the Universalist church in Fourth-st., on Sunday next, April 22d, afternoon and evening. Subject for the afternoon, Woman's worth, influence, privileges and high responsibilities.

UNIVERSALIST UNION TEACHERS' SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting of this Association will be held in the Lecture Room of the Orchard-street Church, on Monday evening next, April 23d, at 8 o'clock. This being the regular meeting for the choice of officers for the ensuing term, it is earnestly requested that every teacher endeavor to be present punctually at the hour appointed.

S. H. VRELAND MOORE, Recording Secretary.

MARRIAGES.

In Cooperstown, Feb. 14th, by Rev. D. C. Tomlinson, F. B. Carpenter, Esq., to Miss Loraine N. Gunn, both of Maryland N. Y.

In Middlefield, March 21st, by Rev. D. C. Tomlinson, Mr. Orlando Jones, of Danube, Herkimer Co., N. Y., to Miss Mary Ann D. Ingles, of the former place.

DEATHS.

In McDonough, March 25th, William Henry, youngest son of Mason and Lydia Whipple, aged 8 years.

In Oxford, April 1st, Josephine Louisa, daughter of Benaiah and Sarah A. Loomis, aged 14 months.

In Huntington, L. I., March 25th, Mr. William Sammis, aged 63 years.